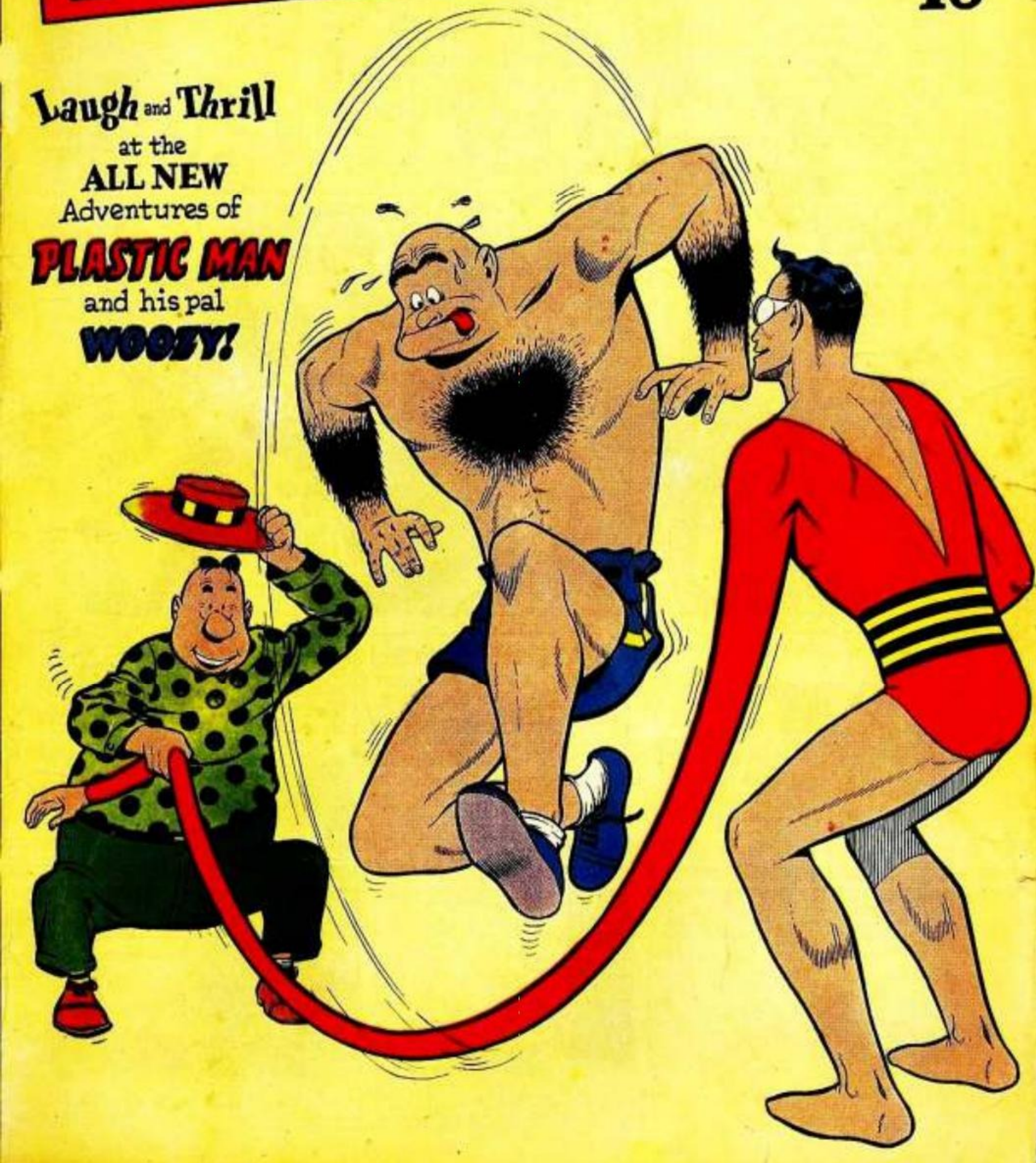
SPRING ISSUE
No. 3

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

Laugh and **Thrill**
at the
ALL NEW
Adventures of
PLASTIC MAN
and his pal
WOOZY!



VOLTO FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND **REPELS**...

VOLTO

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND **ATTRACTS!**

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

VOLTO

AND LATER—AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP— **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

SAY! THIS IS **GREAT!** THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU—BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN **GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

Grape-Nuts Flakes

WHOLE GRAIN

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PLASTIC MAN

ALL RIGHT, WHICH ONE OF YOU DID IT?... SPEAK UP!

YIII!

THE NERVE O' THAT GUY, WRITIN' SUCH STUFF!

WHAT GUY? WHAT STUFF?

SNOOPY HAWKS! THIS!

INSIDE STUFF
by
Snoopy Hawks

1. What former big industrialist is now a porter in the building he once owned?
2. What makes a certain former chorus girl and vaudeville trouper think she can act?
3. What up and coming prize fighter once killed a man in the ring in Europe!
4. What celebrated G-man's stooge was a former pickpocket!

WATCH THIS COLUMN FOR THE ANSWERS!

I DON'T SEE WHY THAT UPSETS YOU!

MAYBE YOU DIDN'T READ FAR ENOUGH!

DON'T YOU GET IT? HE MEANS ME!

HMMMM!

IMAGINE CALLING ME SOMETHING LIKE THAT IN A NEWSPAPER!

HE MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE USED A MILDER WORD!

HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

SLAM

That night in the office of *The Daily Bagle* .....

SNOOPY HAWKS

PRIVATE

EEEEAHHH! HELP! POLICE!

HE WAS STRANGLED!

HEY, THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!

IT'S TOMORROW'S COLUMN! THIS THING GIVES THE ANSWERS TO THOSE QUESTIONS HE RAN TODAY!

PLENTY OF MOTIVE THERE! I'D SAY ONE OF THOSE GUYS IS THE KILLER, AND I THINK I KNOW WHICH IS THE LIKELY ONE!

PLASTIC MAN, WHERE'S WOOZY WINKS?

I DON'T KNOW! WHAT DO YOU WANT *HIM* FOR?

MURDER! HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!

MURDER!

Here are the answers to yesterday's questions:

1. John T. Wales, using an assumed name, is now the porter in the Wales Building!
2. Cynthia Bender, now murdering her role in "Love Me No More," was a former chorus girl and vaudeville trouper.
3. Kayo Randy killed a man in the ring in Europe.
4. Woozy Winks, Stooge of the celebrated PLASTIC MAN, was once a PickPocket....

SNOOPY HAWKS OBVIOUSLY HAD THE DOPE READY TO GO TO PRESS! YOUR PAL KNOCKED HIM OFF, BUT HE DIDN'T FIND THIS!

WHY WOOZY WINKS! WHY NOT SUSPECT ONE OF THE OTHERS! THEY HAVE THE SAME MOTIVE?

THE OTHERS AREN'T CRIMINAL TYPES! YOUR PAL IS AN EX-DIP! IT SAYS SO IN SNOOPY HAWKS' COLUMN!

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOGIC LIKE THAT!

PLAS! PLAS!

WHO'S THAT?

OH, PROBABLY MY LAUNDRYMAN!

LAUNDRYMAN? I WONDER WHAT HE SENDS TO THE LAUNDRY?

PLAS! SOMETHING AWFUL'S HAPPENED! I JUST HEARD IT ON THE RADIO IN SKELLY'S!

TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HEY, C'MON BACK HERE!

ZIP!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING AND WHY?

ANY PLACE TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE COPS FOR AWHILE!

COPS? YOU MEAN THEY'RE AFTER YOU, PLAS?

?

NO! THEY'RE AFTER YOU FOR BUMPING OFF SNOOPY HAWKS!

OH, THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT!

YOU MEAN YOU *DID* KILL HIM? WOOZY, YOU ---

ME? ... PLAS, HOW CAN YOU ASK? -- I WAS GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE NEWS FLASH! IT SAID HE WAS STRANGLED AND THAT THE COPS FOUND NO CLUES OR FINGERPRINTS!

HMMM! THAT LETS YOU OUT! YOU COULDN'T HAVE PULLED THAT NEAT A MURDER!

BUT -- MAYBE YOU DID IT, HUH, PLAS? ... TO AVENGE THE WRONG HE DID ME, YOUR PAL?

ME?... DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

ONE OF THE OTHERS ON THIS LIST MAY BE GUILTY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM BY A PROCESS OF ELIMINATION AND WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! I CAN'T RISK MY REPUTATION BY HIDING YOU FROM THE COPS!

I'LL TRY WALES FIRST!

HMMM ..... CYNTHIA BENDER!... NOPE! SHE'S TOO PRETTY TO KILL A MAN!... KAYO RANDY! HMMM... HE'S FIGHTING TONIGHT!

KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I CLEAR THIS UP, WOOZY!

SURE! SURE! I WON'T GO NEAR ANY PUBLIC PLACES!

THIS MURDER IS PRACTICALLY SOLVED! A PRIZEFIGHTER COULD STRANGLE A MAN WITH HIS BARE HANDS EASILY ENOUGH! I'LL NAIL KAYO RANDY MYSELF!

THAT'S THE PORTER!

WALES BLDG.

YOU'RE JOHN T. WALES, AREN'T YOU?

YOU'RE CRAZY! MY NAME'S CLEARY!

SURE! HAWKS SAID YOU WERE USING AN ASSUMED NAME!... OOPS!

SLAM!

MISSED HIM!

-- BUT NOT FOR LONG!

NICE HIGH SPEED ELEVATORS IN THIS BUILDING!

AWRRRK!

UH-OH! HIS SUICIDE WON'T CLEAR UP ANY-THING!

MAKE ONE MOVE TO GET ME AND I'LL LET GO!

OKAY! LET GO!

NOW WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK!

YOU WIN! I WON'T TRY ANYTHING ELSE!

In the meantime...

MOIDER HIM, KAYO!

KILL HIM, KAYO!

THAT PROVES IT! THEY ALL KNOW HE'S CAPABLE OF MURDER!

YOU DID IT! YOU'RE A KILLER AND YOU KNOW IT!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!
BEAT IT!
WHAM!
SNAP!
THE PEOPLE THEY LET INTO FIGHTS NOWADAYS! THAT GOOF'S BUSTED THE ROPE!
THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD'A SWORN IT WAS BUSTED!
SO LONG, KAYO!
ZZ ZZZ
YOU ARE KAYO RANDY, AREN'T YOU?
OH MY, YES! DON'T THE BIRDS SING SWEETLY THIS TIME OF THE YEAR!
SEVEN ... EIGHT... NINE ..... HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?
DIS IS A MOST UNORTHODOX WAY TO STOP A BOXING BOUT!
GATE 2
HUH? EVERYBODY'S GONE!

OH, WELL, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT... A PRIZEFIGHTER LIKE THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO COMMIT A SMART MURDER! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT ACTRESS MUST'VE DONE IT!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THIS CYNTHIA BENDER LOOKS LIKE THE TYPE WHOSE BEAUTY CONCEALS A WICKED HEART! I'LL NAB HER AS SOON AS THIS ACT IS OVER!

SAY, THIS PLAY ISN'T BAD! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A *REAL* VILLAIN!

COME TO ME, MUH PROUD BEAUTAH!

IT'S PLAS!

?

HEAVENS! HEAVENS! THAT PART ISN'T IN THE PLAY!

HEY, PLAS, WAIT FOR ME!

PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN, I SAY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!

I WOULDN'T, IF I WERE YOU!

WALES

THE FIGHTER! AND WHO'S THE OTHER GUY! I DON'T GET IT, PLAS!

THAT IS WALES! HE TRIED SUICIDE, SO I PUT HIM IN A STOREROOM WITHOUT A WINDOW! WE THROW THE THREE SUSPECTS INTO ONE ANOTHERS' LAPS AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!

BUT HOW Y' GONNA LEARN ANYTHING IF YOU CAN'T WATCH 'EM?

YOU CAN'T-- BUT I CAN!

CLICK!

THIS ISN'T GOING SO GOOD! THEY'VE BEEN SITTING THERE FOR AN HOUR JUST GLARING AT EACH OTHER!

SAY, HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

NO...NO! OF COURSE NOT!

OW-W! WHAT A CORNY LINE!

I GUESS THAT'S ALL I'LL GET OUT OF THIS STUNT! I'LL LET THEM ESCAPE NOW!

THE KILLER, TOO?

HE DIDN'T LOCK US IN AFTER ALL! WE SHOULD HAVE TRIED THE DOOR A LONG TIME AGO!

IF THIS WAS *PLASTIC MAN'S* IDEA OF A PRACTICAL JOKE, HE'LL PAY DEARLY FOR IT!

BUT *PLAS*, I *STILL* DON'T GET IT!

BEFORE I BROUGHT EACH OF THEM TO THAT STOREROOM, I LET THEM KNOW THEY WERE SUSPECTED OF MURDERING HAWKS! I THOUGHT THEY'D START GETTING ON EACH OTHER'S NERVES AND HURL ACCUSATIONS AROUND!

BUT THEY DIDN'T! PLAS, ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T KILL ---

THOSE THREE HAVE GOOD CONTROL OF THEIR NERVES! THEY DIDN'T DROP A HINT. UNLESS ---

UNLESS ..... WHAT? SAY, WHY THE RUSH, PLAS? WHO LIVES HERE?

KAYO RANDY!

THEN YOU THINK *HE* DID IT, HUH? I HAD HIM TAGGED FOR THE KILLER FROM THE START!

STAY OUT HERE, WOOZY!

I CAN'T SLEEP UNTIL I FIGURE IT OUT!

HERE IT IS --- THE PROGRAM FOR THAT VAUDEVILLE SHOW! I KNEW I WAS RIGHT!

AGH-H-H-H!

EASY, KAYO!

YOU!

SO YOU DID SOME WORRYING, AFTER ALL!

NICE LARIAT! RUBBER! NO WONDER IT DIDN'T LEAVE MARKS OR FINGERPRINTS ON SNOOPY HAWKS!

HEY, PLAS, YOU GOT HIM, HUH? I MEAN... WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE?

I KNEW I'D MET HER! I WAS ON TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA ONCE AND WE WERE ON THE SAME VAUDEVILLE BILL! SHE USED TO DO TRICKS WITH A LARIAT!

HAWKS DESERVED IT! HIS GOSSIP WOULD HAVE RUINED MY CHANCES FOR A CAREER ON THE DRAMATIC STAGE! I STOPPED HIM ALL RIGHT! BUT WHEN I THOUGHT RANDY RECOGNIZED ME, I WAS AFRAID HE'D TALK!

BUT WHAT MADE YOU COME HERE, PLASTIC MAN?

MY STOREROOM IDEA WAS ALMOST A BUST--BUT NOT QUITE! I CAUGHT THAT TERRIFIED LOOK MISS BENDER GAVE YOU WHEN YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT YOU'D MET! I FIGURED SHE MIGHT TRY TO SHUT YOU UP!

SINCE KAYO WAS ONE OF THE SUSPECTS, SHE ASSUMED HE'D TRY TO CLEAR HIMSELF BY TELLING THE COPS, IF HE REMEMBERED HER KNACK WITH A LARIAT..... THAT WOULD SINK HER, BECAUSE IT TIES IN WITH THE WAY HAWKS WAS STRANGLED!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, PLAS! THAT'S JUST THE WAY I'D HAVE THOUGHT IT OUT..... ER... IF I WAS THINKING!

FUZZY

by RALPH JOHNS

MERCIFUL MUTTON, BUT I'M HUNGRY! LESSEE... WHERE'LL I EAT TONIGHT? SALVATION ARMY, CITY MISSION, COUNTY POOR HOUSE? HMMM...

WHY, PEEWEE, A WHOLE CHERRY PIE! DON'T TELL ME YOU SWIPED IT!

NUP! A KIND OLD WIDOW DOWN THE STREET GAVE IT TO ME FOR FREE!

MY! MY! WITHOUT WORK?

I DIDN'T DO A *LICK* OF LABOR, CHUM! WHY DON'T *YOU* GIVE HER A TRY?

SUSY JONES, EH? ... I MUST MEET HER RIGHT AWAY!

SO! YOU'RE BACK! A FINE THING, SAYING YOU'D WORK FOR THAT PIE -- THEN SNEAKING OFF---!

B-BUT THAT WUZ PEEWEE! LOOK CLOSELY! I'M MUCH FATTER!

SUZY JONES

OF COURSE, YOU ARE -- AFTER EATING A WHOLE PIE! I MAY BE NEARSIGHTED, BUT I *NEVER* FORGET A FACE! *COME!*... THERE'S A LOT OF ASHES TO BE REMOVED FROM THE CELLAR!

I EITHER GOTTA PICK NICER FRIENDS OR STAY AWAY FROM NEARSIGHTED DAMES!

PLASTIC MAN

THOUGHT YOU WERE HOT STUFF, DIDN'T YOU, PLASTIC MAN?

BROTHER, I AM!

PLASTIC MAN THOUGHT HE COULD HANDLE ANY EVIL-DOER... UNTIL THREE WITCH DOCTORS CAME FROM THE DARKEST CORNERS OF THE WORLD TO HURL A DEFIANT CHALLENGE INTO HIS TEETH!

by JACK COLE

Inside the fortress-like laboratories of W. Wickstaff Roost, celebrated scientist...

WELL... WELL... SO DIZGUSTO FOODS INC. IS READY TO PAY FIVE MILLION DOLLARS FOR MY FORMULA FOR MAKING DILL PICKLES OUT OF CUCUMBERS IN ONE HOUR FLAT!

DILL PICKLES

DILL PICKLES

DILL PICKLES

AS SOON AS THEY RAISE THE ANTE TO *TEN*, I'LL SELL THE FORMULA! MEANWHILE IT'S SAFE HERE WITH ME! I NEVER GO OUT AND NOBODY CAN POSSIBLY BREAK IN HERE AND STEAL IT!

Maybe not, but some people will try anything! ...and outside...

THIS IS THE HARDEST ROCK I EVER SAW!

WHAT A JOB!

WE'VE BEEN AT THIS WALL FOR SIX HOURS NOW, B.T., AND IT LOOKS LIKE IT'LL BE THREE DAYS MORE BEFORE WE BREAK THROUGH!

WHAT OF IT?

BUT B.T., *PLASTIC MAN* WAS ON OUR TRAIL BEFORE WE STARTED! WHAT IF HE LOCATES US?

WHO'S AFRAID OF PLASTIC MAN?

ALL THESE BOYS ARE!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

LET'S GET OUTA HERE, B.T.!

YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF LEAVING, WERE YOU?

YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, PLASTIC MAN... BUT THIS TIME YOU'VE COME UP AGAINST THE SCIENTIFIC MIND!

OWTCH!

RRRRR

BRRRRR

BRRRRR

RRRRR

HEY, B.T.!... DRILL HIS OTHER LEG!

SORRY!... I HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU, MY MAN!

INGENUITY'S THE WORD FOR THIS!

BRRR

BRRR

NOW, BY EXERTING SOME FRAMISAM AGAINST THE PULL OF GRAVITY AND UTILIZING THE NATURAL STARIVARIS OF THE DRILL, I CAN EXECUTE WHAT AMOUNTS TO A MODIFIED POLE VAULT!

STOP! I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE B.T. TOKUS, THE WORLD'S CROOKEDEST SCIENTIST! PLAS GAVE ME A COMPLETE LINE ON YOU!

YOU DON'T SAY?

EEE-E-E-EOW! HA-HA-HA!

BRRRRRRR

HEE-HEE-HO-HO-HO-HO-HO-- S-STOP-PIT! HAW-HAW! HAW—

WOOZY! HOLD ON!

IT'S YOURS, PLASTIC MAN! I NEVER STEAL TRIFLES AND THIS BELONGED TO THOSE THUGS!

PLOP!

KONK

PLAS! HE OUTWITTED US!

WELL, YOU DIDN'T MAKE IT TOO HARD FOR HIM! ALL WE'VE GOT ARE THESE HOODS, BUT B.T. TOKUS IS STILL ON THE LOOSE AND STILL TRYING TO STEAL THE PRECIOUS FORMULAS OF OTHER SCIENTISTS!

RIGHT! ... For in his study, B.T. Tokus broods ....

I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT *PLASTIC MAN!* HE'LL NEVER FIND THIS HIDEOUT!

BUT GETTING ROOST'S PICKLE FORMULA IS BECOMING A BAFFLING PROBLEM!

IT'S HOPELESS TO HIRE THUGS TO CUT THROUGH ROOST'S WALLS! AND EVEN IF THEY DID CUT THROUGH, WE'D NEED MONTHS TO RANSACK THE PLACE AND FIND THE FORMULA!

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!

IN MY YOUTH WHEN I WENT ON ANTHROPOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS, I CAME ACROSS NUMEROUS WITCH DOCTORS! THE THREE MENTIONED ON THIS PAGE WILL BE ABLE TO GET THE FORMULA AND TAKE CARE OF *PLASTIC MAN!*

DIARY

" DIARY "
Timbo of Timbuctoo.. He can hear at a distance of fifty miles!
Goglo of the Congo.. He can see through a stone wall!
Smogo of Kenya.. He can walk right through solid objects!

I'LL SEND FOR THEM! TIMBO WILL KEEP HIS EARS OPEN FOR *PLASTIC MAN'S* APPROACH! GOGLO WILL LOOK RIGHT INTO ROOST'S LABORATORY AND LOCATE THE FORMULA AND SMOGO WILL WALK THROUGH THE WALL AND PICK IT UP!

Lured by the promise of wealth B.T. Tokus's witch doctors hasten to his aid ...

TIMBO, GOGLO AND SMOGO, YOU SHALL BE REWARDED! BUT REMEMBER PLASTIC MAN IS A DANGEROUS ENEMY! HE HAS A WICKED SEVEN-WAY STRETCH!

US FIX HIM WAGON! GETTUM PLENTY JACK -- BRINGUM BACK FANCY SHOES AND BOW-TIES TO CONGO!

SHH-H! ME HEARUM FOOTSTEPS! THEM TWENTY, THREE AND FIVE-EIGHTHS MILES AWAY! ONE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS, ONE LIGHT AND SPRINGY!

PLASTIC MAN AND HIS FAT STOOGE! THEY MUST BE LOOKING FOR MY HIDEOUT IN THE WOODS! IF WE COULD ONLY FIX IT SO THEY COULDN'T GET OUT!

ME AND GOGLO AND TIMBO GREAT WITCH DOCTORS! US FIXUM PLASTIC MAN AND STOOGE SO THEY STAY IN FOREST ALL TIME!

YOU MEAN YOU'LL CAST A SPELL OVER THEM? THAT'S GREAT!

GLMKP WAJIBADI!

YAKIDTOPI LOPO!

AGIPABOLJAP SWAZBOK!

And in a forest twenty-three and five-eighths miles away....

GUESS I HAD A WRONG STEER, WOOZY! IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T LOOK AS IF B.T. TOKUS HAS HIS HIDEOUT IN THIS FOREST!

HE'S THE MOST INCONSIDERATE CROOKED SCIENTIST I'VE EVER MET!

SLAP!

HEY, WOOZY! DO YOU FEEL SOMETHING FUNNY? I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE MY FEET OFF THE GROUND!

GOSH! ME, TOO! WELL, MAYBE NOW WE CAN LIE DOWN AND REST!

SHUCKS! I CAN'T EVEN LIE DOWN WITH MY FEET GLUED FLAT TO THE GROUND THIS WAY!

I WONDER WHAT GOES ON?!

And back in Tokus's study...

THEM STUCK TO GROUND NOW!

WE FIXUM RING OF FIRE AROUND THEM! MAKUM PLENTY HOT!

SPLENDID! NOW WE CAN GO TO ROOST'S LABORATORY SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT PLASTIC MAN WILL NOT APPEAR!

CAN'T DO IT, WOOZY! IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF MAGIC!

YAWP! PLAS, IF YOU THOUGHT WE HAD TROUBLE BEFORE, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

A RING OF FIRE!

THERE'S SOMETHING UNCANNY ABOUT ALL THIS, WOOZY..... HEY! THOSE FIELD GLASSES -- WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD 'EM?

THIS OUGHT TO GIVE ME A GOOD VIEW!

WELL, PLAS... YOU SEE... I... !...

I'VE GOT TO LOOK AROUND AND SEE IF I CAN DISCOVER WHAT'S CAUSING THIS MESS!

I WONDER WHETHER B.T. TOKUS HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS! LET'S SEE... ROOST'S PLACE IS ABOUT FIVE MILES IN THIS DIRECTION! ... HOLY MACKEREL! ... NO WONDER!!

HOW'S PLASTIC MAN DOING, TIMBO?

HIM STILL PLENTY STUCK TO GROUND!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND, GOGLO, AND FIND THE FORMULA!

ME SEE-UM PLENTY PICKLES! YUM-YUM!

NEVER MIND THAT! LOOK BEHIND PICTURES FOR A SAFE AND THEN LOOK INTO THE SAFE! YOU'LL SEE A PIECE OF PAPER WITH NUMBERS AND LETTERS ON IT!

PICKLES

ME SEE-UM IN SAFE! BUT ME LIKE-UM PICKLES BETTER!

HURRAH! SMOGO, GO THROUGH THE WALL AND GET IT! YOU CAN KILL ROOST IF NECESSARY!

SAFE

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR DID HE WALK RIGHT THROUGH THAT STONE WALL INTO ROOST'S LABORATORY?

WITH TOKUS USING WITCH DOCTORS TO HELP HIM, I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRY A LITTLE HARDER!

SNAP!

HEY, PLAS, WHEN DO WE GET OUT OF HERE?

RIGHT AWAY IF I CAN MANAGE IT— BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY THIS SPOT AWAY WITH US!

CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU, WOOZY! FOLLOW ME TO ROOST'S PLACE! I'LL MEET YOU THERE LATER!

I'LL BE TOO LATE FOR ALL THE FUN, I'LL BET!

Meanwhile in Roost's laboratory....

WHO ARE YOU AND HOW DID YOU GET HERE? --AND DON'T THINK I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU!

PICKLES

FIRST ME CASTUM SPELL AND STIFFEN FINGERS!

BY JOVE, I CAN'T MOVE MY FINGERS!

THEN ME EATUM PICKLES! YUK! YUM! DELICIOUS!

NOW ME TAKUM PAPER!

YOU FIEND, HOW -- HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S IN THERE?

SAFE

GOGLO TELLUM!

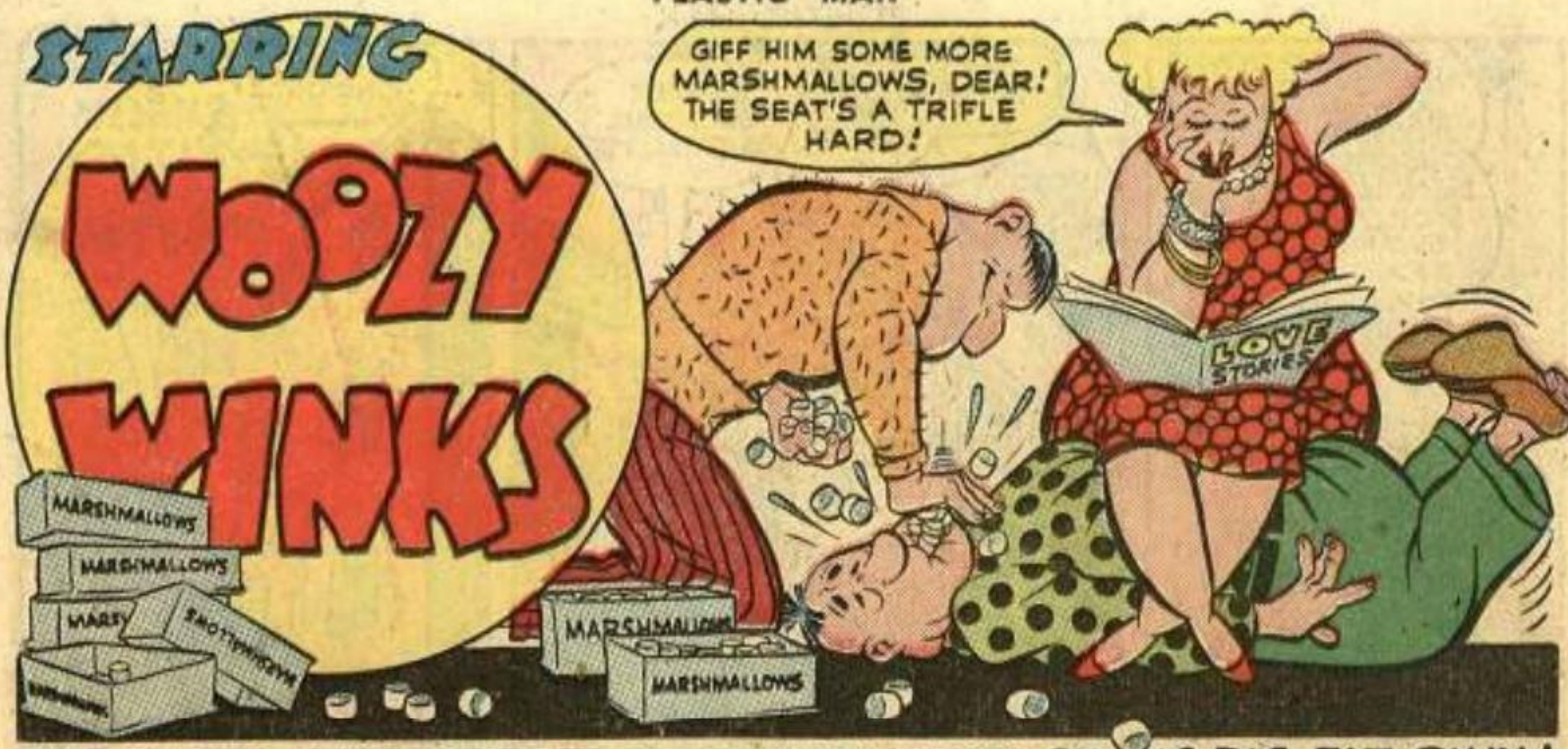
ACME SAFE

WAIT!

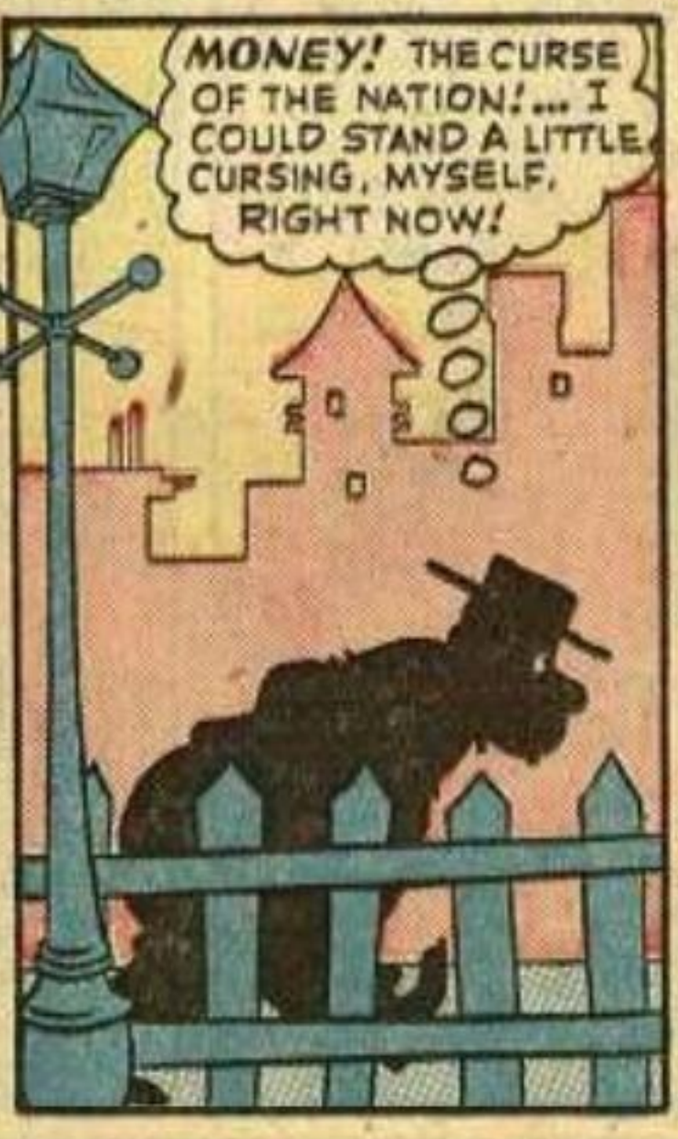
A GOD! MUCH BAD MEDICINE!
RIGHT! I AM THE GOD OF THE PICKLES AND YOU HAVE OFFENDED ME!
I'M GOING MAD!
YOUR MASTER IS AN EVIL MAN! HE WISHES TO STEAL THE FORMULA FOR MAKING PICKLES QUICKLY! AS THE PICKLE GOD I COMMAND YOU TO OPPOSE HIM!
BUT HIM GIVE ME PLENTY JACK!
WHAT? YOU DARE TO ARGUE WITH ME?
OW!... MY STOMACH! HURTUM PLENTY! PLEASE, PICKLE GOD... TAKUM AWAY PAIN! ME FIX B.T. TOKUS!
FIRST LEAD ME TO TOKUS!
OPEN THE DOOR, PLEASE!
ME NOT NEEDUM DOOR!
ME NOT HEAR *PLASTIC MAN* MOVE AROUND IN FOREST ANYMORE!
NO? WHAT'S HE UP TO? LOOK... HERE COMES SMOGO! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
PICKLE GOD SAY YOU NO GOOD! DEAL IS OFF!
WHAT?!

YOU HEARD HIM, B.T.!
PLASTIC MAN!
NOT THIS TIME, B.T.!
PICKLE GOD PLENTY BAD MEDICINE!
YOU TELLUM ME!
HEY, PLAS! ANYTHING HAPPEN YET?
IT'S HAPPENING NOW!
HA-HA! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU AND YOUR WITCH DOCTORS, WOOZY WOULDN'T HAVE THAT DIRT ON HIS SHOES!
OWW! YAWP! OUCH!
KONK!
FOILED AGAIN!
AND THIS TIME FOR GOOD!
PLEASE, PICKLE GOD, NOW YOU TAKUM AWAY STOMACH ACHE!
UH... WELL... HERE, TAKE SOME OF THIS BICARB! SAY, ROOST, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THOSE PICKLES?
NOTHING ...EXCEPT THAT THIS FELLOW ATE TOO MANY OF THEM!
WELL, IT SURE WAS A BREAK FOR ME THAT IT BOTHERED HIS INDIGESTION! HEY, WOOZY, THE PICKLE GOD'S QUIT FOR THE DAY! IF YOU EAT ANY MORE OF THOSE PICKLES, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
PICKLE GOD CURE STOMACH ACHE! PLENTY GREAT FELLER!
PICKLES

STARRING WOOZY WINKS



THAT SUPER CRIME-BUSTER GOES INTO ACTION ON HIS BIG, FAT OWN!



THANKS TO *PLAS*, MOST OF THE THUGS IN TOWN ARE JUGGED! ... BUT IF ONE OF 'EM, SAY *SMELLY PITTS*, SHOULD HAPPEN TO ESCAPE AND I RECAPTURED HIM...

THIS IS MY STOP!

LEGGO THAT TROLLEY POLE!

WONDER WHICH CELL IS *SMELLY'S*?

CITY TRANSIT CO.

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT...

SMELLY PITTS IS A TWITCH!

SPLAT

SHOULD'VE KNOWN THEY'D GIVE THE GUEST OF HONOR APARTMENT *I-A!*

BONG!

HMM! ... IT'S ILLEGAL TO *DELIBERATELY* ASSIST A PRISONER TO ESCAPE! ... YES, WE MUSTN'T BREAK THE LAW!

CAR STOP

MY WORD!... RE*MARK*ABLE REFLEXES!

KICKED THE HACKSAW RIGHT INTO SMELLY'S CELL! TCH! TCH! ... OH, WELL, *ACCIDENTS* WILL HAPPEN!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, EASTERN HACKSAW TIME...

AHH! *FRESH AIR!* I STILL GOT ME STREET DRAPES ON!

CHEE, WON'T PETUNIA BE SURPRISED! ...HOW THAT WOMAN LOVES ME!

NOW :GRUNT: IT'LL BE :PUFF: EASY-GROAN-TO TRAIL HIM! .. -PUFF-PUFF!

??? WELL, I'LL --! THE TRAIL *ENDS* BEFORE IT *BEGINS!!*

THAT DOUBLE-CROSSER MUST'VE TAKEN A CAB!

OH! OH!... WRONG PAINT!

MEANWHILE...

PETUNIA!

SMELLY!

CRIPES! HOW I'VE MISSED YUH! ... WHO'S *THAT?*... YER UNCLE JAKE?

SILLY BOY!... IT'S A EAGLE! ...A *TRAINED* EAGLE!

IT IS PICKING POCKETS, ROBBING BENKS AND SNETCHING PURSES TO CARRY ON FOR PAPA WHILE HE IS IN THE CLINK!

:GULP: YUH DID ALL THAT F-FER *ME?*

WHY, WIT THAT BOID, WE CAN MAKE A *MINT!!* *CHEE!* RECKON I GOT THE SWEETEST, KINDEST LI'L WIFE IN THUH WOILD!!

OH, SMELLY!

SOON A NASTY CRIME WAVE BREAKS LOOSE!... POLICE SUSPECT ONE **SMELLY PITTS**, BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE? IT'S THAT **TRAINED EAGLE** WHO'S DOING ALL THE SWIPING!

"WANTED"

$10,000 REWARD FOR CAPTURE OF SMELLY PITTS

TEN GEES!!! AND TO THINK I LET HIM SLIP THROUGH MY FINGERS!

PARDON ME, WARDEN! ... WHAT DOES THAT SIGN SAY ABOUT ME? ... I CAN'T READ!

READ? ... I KNOW IT BY *HEART!* IT SAYS THERE'S A *TEN GRAND* REWARD FOR YOUR HIDE!

CHEE! ... I'M FAMOUS! ... WON'T PETUNIA BE PROUD? ...

T'ANKS, BUB!

YEH!

WANTED

HEY! ... THAT GUY WAS ...!! OHMIGOSH!!

SLAP!

HALT, YOU!

POTATOES

GOT 'IM!

SWEATER YARN

HALP! POLICE! I GOT 'IM! QUICK! ... C-CAN'T HOLD OUT ... MUCH LONGER!

RRRIP!

HEH! HEH! HE'S CUTE! THE COPS OUGHTA GET A KICK OUTA HIM!

WE'RE MADE, MAMA! ... I PLANTED OUR EAGLE ON THE VAN OODLES *ESTATE!* IT'LL SWIPE THEIR KID AND WE'LL HOLD OUT FOR A **MILLION BUCKS RANSOM!**

OH!

LOVE STORIES

DOLLING!... I'M SO HEPPY FOR YOU!... BUT MEBBE YOU SHOULD OUGHTA WEAR YOUR SWEATER, NOW THAT YOU'RE RICH --- FOR *PRESTEEGE!!*

'AT'S ODD! I COULDA SWORE I HAD IT ON! ... NO WONDER EIGHT SKOITS WHISTLED AT ME!

MEANWHILE, WOOZY HAS FINALLY DISCOVERED HIS ERROR ---

THE THREAD ENDS IN FRONT OF THAT HOUSE! ... BETTER MAKE SURE HE'S IN THERE BEFORE TAKING ACTION!

HI SAY, OLD MAN -- GULP ... (IT'S HIM!) DID YOU ADVERTISE FOR A BUTLER, WHAT?...

NO!!... ER, THAT IS -- WON'T YUH STEP INSIDE?

IT'S THE ICKY WHO TRIED TO NAB ME DOWNTOWN! WE'D BETTER KEEP HIM HERE OR HE'LL RUN TO THE DICKS!

BUT IF HE IS SEEING THE EAGLE WIT TH' KID, OUR SECRET WEAPON WILL BE *PUBLIC!*

I GOT IT! ... HE'S PRETTY DUMB... HE MIGHT FALL FOR THIS... NOW YOU..... BZZZZZ!

MY GOOTNESS! HE *MUST* BE DUMB!

WE AREN'T NEEDING A BOTLER, HONEY--- BUT I'M IN THE MARKET FOR A *HUSBEND!*

HUH?

ZIP

SMACK!

MARRY ME, DOLLING, AND MAKE MY DRIMS COME TRUE!

IT JIST SO HAPPENS I'M A JUSTICE O' PEACE!

WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT!

I GUESS NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT FOR TEN GEES!

--AN' BY THUH POWERS IN ME VEST, I PRONOUNCE YOU *BALL* AND---

OOOOOOOH!--

--CHAIN!

ZIP

LOOK, HUSBEND-- DE STORK!

COOK BOOK

COOK BOOK

JEST THINK!... OUR OWN SWEET LI'L BEBY!

WOW! THINGS SURE HAPPEN FAST IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

FIRST A WIFE --- BINGO... A KID! WHY DIDN'T MOTHER TELL ME ABOUT THESE THINGS?

IT WORKED! WE'LL LET 'IM PLAY NURSE-MAID TILL WE GIT THUH CASH --THEN WE'LL LAM TO BERMUDA!

SUDDENLY...

ALL RIGHT, SMELLY! THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED! --WHA--? IT'S WOOZY WINKS!

?

PLASTIC MAN'S STOOGE A KIDNAPPER! YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED!

KID--? WHO? ME??

NOBODY CAN ACCUSE ME OF KIDNAPPING--- ESPECIALLY MY OWN KID!

ROUND UP THE OTHERS, MEN!... "PAPA" WINKS AND I WANT TO BE ALONE!

BOP

POW

SOCK

I STILL DON'T GET IT!

IT AIN'T MUCH, PETUNIA, BUT IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PAPA! ROOMS IS SCARCE EVERYWHERE, NOWADAYS!

OKAY, WINKS--YOU'RE FREE! MR. AND MRS. PITTS CONFESSED EVERYTHING! AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, YOU MIGHT BUY A GOOD BOOK ON BIRD IDENTIFICATION!

MR AND MRS?.. YOU MEAN SHE'S HIS WIFE?

PHEW!.. THAT WAS CLOSE! ... NEVER AGAIN! .. I'M GOING BACK TO SOMETHING SAFE LIKE PICKING POCKETS!

POLICE STATION

DID YOU SEE THIS, JOE? THEY JUST CAPTURED BIG ED GORE! TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD WAS PAID.... ETC. ETC....

BIG ED GORE IS A JERK!

PLASTIC MAN

JONESY

STRAIGHTEN THAT TIE, MARVIN! THIS IS ONE NIGHT EVERYTHING MUST BE POSITIVELY PERFECT!

YOU SURE SAID IT, DAD!

MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION ON THE PRESIDENT OF MY FIRM MAY MEAN A GENERAL MANAGERSHIP FOR ME AND A GOOD JOB FOR YOU WHEN YOU GRADUATE!

AND DON'T I KNOW IT!

WELCOME, GENTLEMEN ... DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BOTH!

GOOD EVENING, MR. MORGANLY!

GOOD EVENING *EVER* SO MUCH, SIR!

YOU'LL PARDON US A MOMENT, MY BOY? WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

YES, INDEED, SIR!

MMM! FUNNY PLACE TO LEAVE A PEANUT ... UNDER *GLASS!* HE DOESN'T SEEM SO STINGY WITH HIS *CIGARS!*

OH, WELL, SEEING I DON'T *SMOKE*...

OH, MARVIN, MR. MORGANLY HAS A GREAT SURPRISE TO SHOW US!

A MOST REMARKABLE AND PRICELESS CURIOSITY!

CRUNCH!

"RAISING THE FLAG ON *IWO JIMA*" ... HAND-PAINTED ON THE INSIDE OF A PEANUT!

A UNIQUE MASTERPIECE! I WOULDN'T TAKE $10,000 FOR IT!

ER--POP--- DID--HE-- SAY--- PEANUT... *PEA-NUT?*

PEANUT.. YES!

GONE! WHY, IT WAS RIGHT UNDER THIS GLASS!

EEEYOW!

PLASTIC MAN

THE HAND BEHIND

IT is doubtful if the reputation of Plastic Man would be so great if his enemies did not help it by offering themselves as opponents. The very fact of his triumphs, and the incredible fashion of his winning them, excites one criminal after another to challenge him; with the inevitable result of another victory and more fame for Plastic Man.

Bordo, head of the wild Seventy-Second Street Gang, was eager to make such a trial of strength and wit. Before he became a gang leader, important and influential in the underworld, Bordo had been a stage magician. Well aware of the tricks and sleights that make possible the seeming wonders of theatrical conjuring, Bordo insisted that there was some trickery about Plastic Man—that the stories about how he stretched high as buildings or condensed himself into small chunks; of his twisting his face and body into the semblance of man or animal, living thing or dead; of how he could reach across streets, down chimneys and through keyholes to seize and overpower adversaries—all these stories, Bordo said again and again, were exaggerations or myths, and he would prove as much.

"I brought you here," he said across the desk in his headquarters to a mighty man with a cauliflower ear and a broken nose, "because I know you're the most accomplished murderer in town. Right?"

"Right," nodded the other. "I not only kill on order, but I seldom leave enough of the victim to make a funeral worth while. So there aren't important clues."

"Excellent!" cried Bordo. He was a tall, sinewy fellow with a sharp-pointed moustache and two hornlike curls of hair at his temples—ever since his magician days he had tried to make himself look as satanic as possible. "Your name—Zrogan, isn't it?—goes on a check for five thousand dollars as soon as you dispose of Plastic Man."

Zrogan seemed to pause, to hesitate. "Are you afraid of Plastic Man?" sneered Bordo.

"I was just thinking," growled Zrogan, "that maybe your check will be as stretchy and bouncy as Plastic Man himself."

Bordo rose to his feet. "I didn't call you here to listen to insults," he said. "I hire you as a death specialist, but I'm something of a killer myself. Look!" He lifted an empty hand. Quick as light, a dagger appeared in it, a masterpiece of sleight-of-hand. "If you think to trifle with someone like me—"

"Good trick, Bordo," nodded the big fellow. "But can you do this?"

Zrogan's huge knuckly hands swept across his face. Zrogan shrugged out of his jacket, twitched off his hat—and Zrogan wasn't Zrogan at all, but Plastic Man, grinning and mocking, red-clad arms folded across his chest and eyes darting mockery through his goggles.

"They tell me you don't believe in my abilities, Bordo," said Plastic Man. "Well, seeing is believing. Take a look."

Bordo screamed a curse, and threw the knife. Plastic Man sinuously writhed his shoulder out of the way, and the knife smote into the wall. A moment later, Bordo whirled and dashed out a back door, tipping over a pudgy, sleepy-faced little fellow in his way, and fled up the street.

"You let him get away, Plas'," moaned Woozy Winks, picking himself up. "I thought you'd trap him sure—"

"I let him run on purpose," interrupted Plastic Man, emerging in turn. "The rumor is that this headquarters is only a false one. Bordo is reputed to have a hidden hideout that is really an outsize trick cabinet, built with all his stage-magician skill. Let's follow him there."

Bordo was surprisingly easy to follow. Around the first corner the two of them found a leather sheath that could have held nothing else than the dagger Plastic Man had dodged. Further along, at the mouth of an alley, lay a deck of cards, their backs marked for dishonest playing in a way that only Bordo could have devised. Up the alley itself, they came to a door.

"He didn't come here, Plas'," said Woozy, trying the knob. "This door's locked."

"From the inside," added Plastic Man. "And there's a crack underneath it fully a quarter of an inch high. Leave it to me."

Dropping prone, Plastic Man flattened himself like a great rug. Carefully he edged underneath, rose in his own form inside, and unlocked the door for Woozy.

They found themselves in a dim hallway, set with two doors some distance apart. Plastic Man stretched his neck like a snake, putting his ears to one door, then to the other.

"All quiet," he whispered to Woozy. "You go in one door; I'll go in the other."

Obediently Woozy trotted to the nearest door, opened it and entered. He saw an impressive array of weapons on the walls and tables—pistols, sub-machine guns, shotguns. He saw, too, Bordo, pointing a huge revolver.

"I laid a trail for you to follow," mocked Bordo. "Now I've got you! Sit in this chair."

Woozy glumly obeyed. Into sight sprang iron clamps, catching him by wrist and ankle.

"Now we'll wait for your rubbery friend," said Bordo.

Plastic Man had moved cautiously to the other door, waiting to listen before opening it. Stepping across the threshold, he heard the door swing shut behind him and an automatic lock slip into place. A stride forward brought him against a pane of glass, beyond which grinned Bordo.

"You're just where I want you!" jeered the magician-crook. "In an almost airtight cell, into which I'm about to release a gas that will destroy your strange substance. I've developed if for this very purpose—it rots rubber and destroys elastic."

Plastic Man backed toward the door.

"Don't try to get out, Plastic Man," warned Bordo, his voice muffled but understandable through the glass. "If you don't stand still, I'll make short work of your helpless friend," and he gestured toward Woozy.

Plastic Man relaxed, leaning on the door, his right hand behind him.

"You don't think we were foolish enough to come here alone," he suggested.

"That's just what I think," said Bordo. "You underestimated me. It will be fatal." He put his hand toward a lever on the wall. "When I turn this, the gas will enter the part of the room where you are—"

"Careful, Bordo," interrupted Plastic Man. "Somebody's coming into the room behind you."

"An old trick!" cried Bordo, hand on the lever ready to shift it. "You think I'll take my eyes off of you, and that you'll jump at me, try to break the glass. No chance of that, Plastic Man. I'll count three, and let in the vapor that will corrode you. "One—"

"He's almost upon you," warned Plastic Man.

"Two—" counted Bordo.

"He's picking up one of your loaded guns," Plastic Man went on.

"Three!" counted Bordo. And then his face went pale, and he took his hand from the lever.

Between his shoulder blades he felt the hard pressure of something that could be only a gun-muzzle.

"You're trapped," said Plastic Man. "And your effort to destroy us gives us a charge of attempted murder that will send you up for years. Set Woozy free."

Obediently, prodded along by the gun, Bordo obeyed.

"Call the police, Woozy," directed Plastic Man. "Then tie Bordo and lead him outside. I'll meet you in the alley."

In his cell, Bordo clutched the bars and glared through at Plastic Man.

"I'm finished," he said. "I'll never get out of here until I'm old and harmless. But who was it who followed you and stopped me just in time to save you?"

"The hand behind," smiled Plastic Man.

"I don't understand," stammered Bordo.

"Because you never believed in my talent to stretch myself. I put one hand behind me as I leaned on the door—made my arm thin as a pencil—through the keyhole, along the hall outside, through the keyhole of the other door, and in to pick up a gun behind you."

Bordo snarled. "You can do the longest stretch I ever heard of, you rubberized racket-ripper!"

"No," said Plastic Man, shaking his head. "You're doing a longer stretch, Bordo. About twenty years, the judge tells me."

CUTHBERT

by RALPH JOHNS

HOWSH ABOUT IT, POPSH? C'N I HAVE TWO BITS? THERSH A SHWELL MOIDER MOVIE AT THE SHTRAND!

NO!

DON'T BE --- HASTY, POPSH! BETTER THINK IT OVER!

OWWW! MY FOOT!

IF YOU *MUST* MARCH, DO IT *BEHIND ME!*

YESH, SHIR! HUP-TWO-THREE-FOUR-HUP!

SQUATS RIGHT---

BAM!

OW!

SWISH!

THAT DOES IT! NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT, BUT GOOD!

HI, TIGER, OLE BOY, OLE BOY!

ULP?

RRRRRRRRRR

ALL RIGHT, HERE'S YOUR QUARTER! ONLY GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

SHORRY, POPSH --YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT FIFTY CENTSH NOW --- THE PRICESH CHANGE AT FIVE O'CLOCK!

PLASTIC MAN

DON'T WORRY, WOOZY! JONAH WENT THROUGH THE SAME EXPERIENCE AND CAME OUT ALL RIGHT!

YEAH... BUT DID HE HAVE THE STRUMBY MOB GUNNING FOR HIM'?

By JACK COLE

Woozy would go a-whaling ... but bit off more than he could chew! ... and he wished he could say the same for the whale: And --- since it all led to a whale of a lot of trouble, ***PLASTIC MAN*** GOT INTO IT, TOO!

I'VE GOT TO GO UP TO THE F.B.I. OFFICE! YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR ME, WOOZY!

AW, SHUCKS! WHY CAN'T I GO UP WITH YOU?

PERFUME

7741

SORRY, WOOZY!

HE ALWAYS GETS OUT OF TAKING ME UP THERE WITH HIM! GOSH, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME ANYWAY?

HUH?

DO YOU OFFEND? SOMETIMES YOUR OWN BROTHER WON'T TELL YOU! Use CORRECTO SCENT!

PERFUMES

MAYBE THAT'S WHY PLAS DOESN'T WANT ME ALONG!

SNIFF SNIFF

WELL, I'LL SOON FIX THAT! I'LL GET A BOTTLE OF THE STUFF!

COSMETICS

NOW, WHERE'S THAT CORRECTO?...

HEY! ANYBODY HERE!

Mary Muriata $5.00

BLUE LOVE 17¢

MURTTA NIGHT $5.00

FLIT

YES! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO BUY A BOTTLE OF CORRECTO!

YOU DO? HOW ODD!

WHAT'S ODD ABOUT IT? YOU SELL IT, DON'T YOU?

I USED TO! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO SHOOT MYSELF BECAUSE I CAN'T SELL IT ANYMORE!

SHOOT YOURSELF? THAT'S SILLY! SOME PEOPLE DIE THAT WAY!

I HAD SOMETHING LIKE THAT IN MIND! LIFE ISN'T WORTH LIVING IF I CAN'T SELL CORRECTO ... AND I CAN'T EVEN MANUFACTURE IT NOW!

YOU SEE, MY FORMULA FOR CORRECTO CALLS FOR AMBERGRIS, WHICH IS A VERY PRECIOUS SUBSTANCE GOTTEN ONLY FROM WHALES! WELL... JAKE STRUMBY AND HIS MOB HAVE A CORNER ON ALL THE AMBERGRIS!

AND HE HAS MEN OUT GETTING ALL THE NEW AMBERGRIS FROM WHALES EVERYWHERE! HE WON'T SELL IT TO ANYBODY AND SOON HE'LL BE THE ONLY PERFUME MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD!

THAT MEANS YOU'LL BE PUT OUT OF BUSINESS! I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO SHOOT YOURSELF! BUT HOW AM I GOING TO GET CORRECTO?

I GUESS YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO OFFEND ALONG WITH MILLIONS OF OTHERS! FAREWELL!

Meanwhile, in the F.B.I. office...

WE'RE CO-OPERATING WITH THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT IN GOING AFTER JAKE STRUMBY AND HIS GANG! IN ADDITION TO ALL HIS OTHER CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES, STRUMBY IS RUNNING THE CLEVEREST SMUGGLING RACKET ANY-BODY EVER DREAMED UP!

THE RAREST DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES, EMERALDS AND OTHER JEWELS HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO THIS COUNTRY, YET THE CUSTOMS PEOPLE ARE CERTAIN THEY WEREN'T SMUGGLED IN ON ANY BOAT OR PLANE!

WE DON'T KNOW HOW STRUMBY DOES IT AND IT'S YOUR JOB TO FIND OUT! YOU'RE TO GO AFTER HIM AND SMASH HIM AND HIS GANG! GOOD LUCK, PLASTIC MAN!

THANKS, CHIEF! I'LL GET TO WORK AT ONCE!

And in the perfume shop...

IF I COULD ONLY GIVE YOU SOME REASON WHY YOU SHOULDN'T SHOOT YOURSELF...

IT'S HOPELESS!

BANG!

WH... WHAT...?

THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SILLY THING TO DO!

PLAS!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!

SURE, PLAS, YOU DON'T GET IT AT ALL! THIS GUY, JAKE STRUMBY, IS HOGGING ALL THE AMBER.... WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?...

AMBERGRIS!

THAT'S IT! AND WITHOUT IT, THIS MAN CAN'T MAKE CORRECTO, WHICH PUTS BOTH OF US IN A TOUGH SPOT!

BOTH OF YOU ??

YEAH ... WELL, YOU SEE, PLAS... IT'S LIKE THIS ----

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT LATER, WOOZY! I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME NOW!

AS FOR YOU --JUST TAKE IT EASY! JAKE STRUMBY ISN'T GOING TO BE OPERATING MUCH LONGER!

OH, IF THAT WERE ONLY TRUE! HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE!

ER --PLAS -- WOULD YOU TELL ME FRANKLY... DO I EVER OFFEND?

OF COURSE, WOOZY! BUT THAT'S NOTHING! WE ALL SAY THE WRONG THING SOMETIMES!

DO YOU OFFEND? SOMETIMES YOUR OWN BROTHER WON'T TELL YOU!

USE CORRECTO SOFT!

I'VE GOT TO LEAVE YOU NOW, WOOZY! I'M GOING TO BE BUSY!

OKAY, PLAS! I UNDERSTAND!

THEN I WAS RIGHT! PLASTIC MAN ISN'T MY BROTHER, BUT HE TOLD ME! NOW I KNOW I'VE GOT TO HAVE CORRECTO! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT AMBERGRIS STUFF FOR THE LITTLE PERFUME GUY!

IT OUGHTN'T TO BE TOO HARD! AFTER ALL, ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS FIND A WHALE!

COME TO THINK OF IT, I WONDER WHERE WHALES HANG OUT!

H-HEY! --- WHAT GOES ON??

HALP!

BLUB

BLUB

YAWP! EEEEE-A-YH! THAT MUST BE A WHALE!

EE-Y-Y-I-I-I! MAYBE I SHOULDA DONE SOME RESEARCH ON WHALES' HABITS!

HALP!

HEY--- LOOK!...I TASTE AWFUL! HONEST!

SNAP

AH!

HUH?... WHERE AM I?

SPLOP!

OH, WELL, *THIS* PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS! I'LL HAVE A ROOM AND BATH— AND DON'T CALL ME BEFORE TEN!

YOU'LL HAVE *PLENTY* BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH YOU!

THERE HE IS, *BOSS*! I KEPT AFTER HIM AND LANDED HIM!

HARUMPH!

SIT DOWN, YOU! WHAT WERE YOU DOING OUT HERE IN THAT ROWBOAT?

WH-WHO--- ME?

YEAH ... YOU! C'MON, TALK!

SAY, WHAT *IS* THIS ANYWAY? ARE THE INSIDES OF ALL WHALES LIKE THIS?

HA! HA! HA!

ARE ALL WHALES LIKE *THIS*, HE WANTS TO KNOW!

MAYBE YES AND MAYBE NO! - SAP! ... BUT THIS IS JAKE STRUMBY'S WHALE AND ANYONE WHO GETS NEAR IT HAS TO HAVE A GOOD REASON OR HE DON'T LIVE LONG!

JAKE STRUMBY! YOU'RE THE GUY WHO'S SWIPING ALL THE AMBERGRIS! WAIT'LL *PLASTIC MAN* GETS HIS HANDS ON YOU! I HEARD HIM SAY YOU WON'T BE OPERATING MUCH LONGER, SO THERE!

PLASTIC MAN! DID YOU SAY **PLASTIC MAN?**

HE'S A FRIEND OF *PLASTIC MAN'S!*

LET'S TEAR HIM APART!

WE'LL FEED HIM TO THE FISHES!

Meanwhile, in the sky overhead...

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT? I'D BETTER HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!

ANYTHING THAT SAILS IN WATER IS SUSPECT SO LONG AS JAKE STRUMBY IS IN THE SMUGGLING RACKET! GOSH ... IT'S A WHALE!

But in the false whale's lookout compartment...

PLASTIC MAN!

BOSS, I JUST SAW PLASTIC MAN! HE'S IN A PLANE OVERHEAD AND HE CAME STRETCHING DOWN TO WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF ME!

WHAT?

PLASTIC MAN!... THAT AIN'T HEALTHY... SEA AIR OR NO!

HANG ON, EVERYBODY! WE'RE GONNA CRASH-DIVE! DIVE!!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I THOUGHT I WAS A GUEST HERE!

YIPE! I CAN'T STOP!

OOOPS! SORRY!

HEY! LET GO OF THAT! YOU'LL OPEN THE WHALE'S MOUTH --AND WE'RE UNDER WATER!

THAT WHALE SURE SUBMERGED IN A HURRY! I MUST'VE SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIM!

OW-W!

GURGLE!

GLUB!

IT'S THAT FAT GUY! HE GOT OUT, BOSS!

GET THAT WHALE MOUTH SHUT, YOU DUMB CLUCK!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY WOOZY WAS THERE IN THE WATER!

IT *IS* WOOZY! HOW DID HE EVER GET OUT HERE?

PLAS! PLAS! HELP!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE ON THE HIGH SEAS?

PLAS--JAKE STRUMBY AND HIS GANG ARE INSIDE THAT WHALE! THEY'VE GOT COMPLETE HOUSEKEEPING IN THERE! NO KIDDIN'!

WOOZY, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I MEAN IT, PLAS! I'LL BET THEY USE THAT FAKE WHALE SO THEY CAN GET NEAR THE REAL ONES AND GET ALL THE AMBERGRIS!

IF THIS IS SOMETHING YOU DREAMED UP..... I'LL SEE YOU LATER! BUT IF IT'S TRUE, IT GIVES ME A TERRIFIC IDEA! JUST KEEP THIS PLANE CIRCLING AROUND!

Inside the false whale...

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! PLASTIC MAN RIGHT OVER US! OW-W! IF HE'D EVER TAKEN A GOOD LOOK!

AW, I CAN OUTSMART PLASTIC MAN ALL DAY LONG! HE DON'T SCARE JAKE STRUMBY!

BOSS! BOSS! A WHALE COMING TOWARD US!

WHAT? IN THESE WATERS?

FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A RED WHALE!

HE'S COMING STRAIGHT TOWARD US!

BOSS, HE'S HUGGIN' US! HE-HE! MAYBE HE THINKS IT'S HIS GOIL FRIEND!

MUST BE AN OPENING HERE SOME-PLACE!

THAT'S THE FUNNIEST ACTIN' WHALE I EVER SAW! LOOKS MORE LIKE AN OCTOPUS! BETTER SURFACE, JUST IN CASE WE HAVE TROUBLE!

PUFF PUFF THAT WAS THOUGHTFUL OF THEM! I NEEDED A BREATH OF AIR!

!

IT'S PLASTIC MAN!

WE'RE SUNK!

IF I CAN GET MY HAND INSIDE HIS MOUTH...

MAN THE GUNS AND LET HIM HAVE IT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GUNFIRE! GUESS JAKE STRUMBY DOESN'T KNOW I'M IMMUNE TO THAT!

STILL IT WAS NICE OF HIM TO GIVE ME AN OPENING!

WELL! WELL! A WHOLE PACK OF *JONAHS*... SO TO SPEAK!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE, *PLASTIC MAN!*

GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS! I'D HATE TO HAVE MADE THE MISTAKE OF STICKING MY HEAD INTO A *REAL* WHALE'S MOUTH!

BAP!

THAT WOULD BE GENTLE TO WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET!

TSK! TSK! HOW YOU TALK!

YOU AIN'T TAKIN' JAKE STRUMBY BACK, *PLASTIC MAN!* I GOT A FORTUNE IN SMUGGLED JEWELS IN THIS WHALE AND, IF I CAN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF 'EM, I'M SINKING THE WHOLE CABOODLE -- US INCLUDED!

NOW THAT WOULD BE SILLY, JAKE! SUCH AN IDEA AFTER BEING CLEVER ENOUGH TO BUILD A WHALE AS A BASE FROM WHICH TO PICK UP LOOT FROM YOUR MEN ON THE OCEAN LINERS!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX INSTEAD AND LET ME SEE YOU ALL SAFELY BACK TO A NICE, COZY JAIL!

KONK!

IT'S *PLAS!* HE MUST'VE GOT 'EM!

HEAD SHOREWARD! THERE'S A COAST GUARD CUTTER ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM HERE! I'LL TOW THE WHALE TO IT AND TURN THE STRUMBY MOB OVER TO THE COAST GUARDSMEN!

PLAS!... Y' MEAN YOU'RE GONNA BE THE TOW LINE FOR THAT THING? BUT HOW?

!

LIKE THIS!

A little while later...

THERE'LL BE F.B.I. MEN WAITING AT THE DOCK WHEN YOU GET THEM IN, CAPTAIN! THANK YOU!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! AND WHAT A TIME OUR MEN'LL HAVE TAKING THIS WHALE APART TO SEE WHAT MADE IT TICK!

U.S. COAST GUARD

Next Day...

YOU MAY HAVE ALL THE CORRECTO YOU NEED-- AT COST! IT IS YOU AND THAT WONDERFUL PLASTIC MAN WHO CAUGHT JAKE STRUMBY AND MADE HIM RELEASE HIS HOARD OF AMBERGRIS!

AHH-H-H! WAIT'LL PLAS GETS A WHIFF OF ME NOW!

WHAT A NIGHT

WOW

COMIC QUEST

I'VE GOT TO GO UP TO THE F. B. I. OFFICE NOW TO MAKE A COMPLETE REPORT! WAIT FOR ME HERE, WOOZY!

BUT CAN'T I GO -- EVEN NOW?

DO YOU OFFEND?

SORRY, WOOZY! THIS CONFERENCE MUST BE HELD IN SECRET!

AND I THOUGHT I COULDN'T GO BECAUSE MY OWN BROTHER WOULDN'T TELL ME! AW, WHAT'S THE USE? YOU CAN'T WIN!

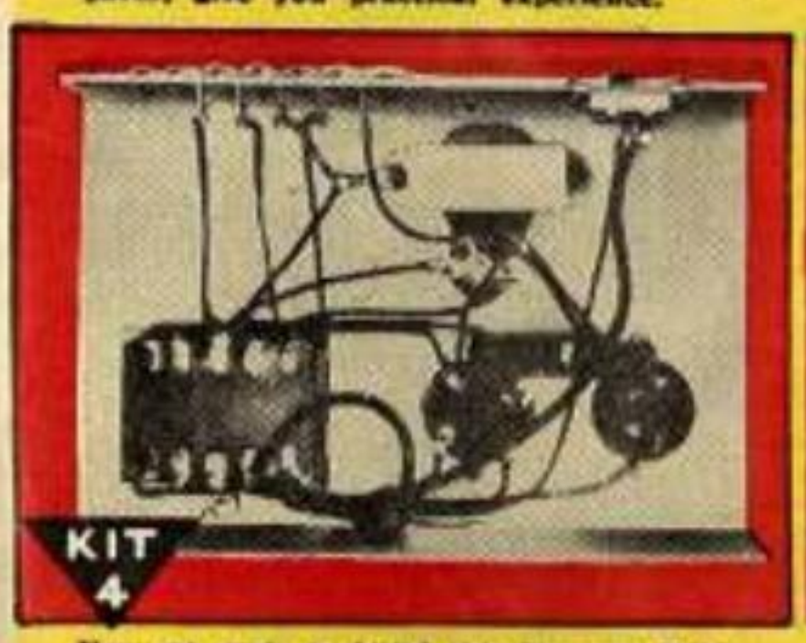
I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

I Send You 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—*Win Success*

I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even **greater** opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

My Course Includes Training in TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION

Many Beginners Soon Make $5, $10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3,
National Radio Institute, *Pioneer Home Study Radio School,* **Washington 9, D. C.**

Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... AFR

"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these storerooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

HANDIE-TALKIE — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.

BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.

An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.